THE HOOKERS BALL

Zydeco Band (They play Ashkenaz, 1317 San Pablo, Berkeley, Friday, November 3). Ida plays an amplified accordian. Pepper got her Belly Dancers in motion only to find herself being mocked by a pair of bikini-wearing bunnies who had jumped up from the audience to do a bit of go-go dancing for their claque of admirers in the pits. Rightfully bugged at being upstaged, she got the Coyote helpers to 86 the models who did not go gently into that good audience. A woman lay on her back getting a butterfly job (with acryllic paint--not what you thought, huh?), while a couple of folks in orange and black insect drag disco-ed for the cameras. Is there no cure for Travoltism? There was less nudity this year than before, probably because people felt less secure in the Cow Palace than in the plush lobby of the San Francisco Hilton, not to mention that the skimpy costumes were little enough protection against the grasping hands. I know people who are afraid to go to anything where they will have to give themselves up to the flow of a mass crowd like this one. People get trampled to death every year at the bullfights in Mexico and Spain. You fall down on Polk Street on Hallowe'en and it's all over, baby blue. British cartoonist Hunt Emerson and Sue Varty were in the mass but I didn't meet them until the following day (interviewed in CW 108). They're in America for a month. High above the arena were hundreds of blown-up condoms in a fish-egg cluster. They were supposed to fall at the opener, but Scott Beach gave the word and they didn't. You can always rely on rubbers, right folks? -Clay Geerdes 11-78

COMIX WORLD 107. November 1, 1978. Copyright Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Subs: $5.50 for 24, $10 for 48. The latest in my series of mini-comix is BABYFAT 2. 50¢ and a stamp.* The Fifth Annual Hooker's Ball happened at the Cow Palace in San Francisco on Friday, October 20, 1978, and I'd like to say it was the greatest as well as the biggest party to date, but it wasn't. Bigger ain't better, just bigger. When Margo St. James got the first one together at the Longshoreman's Hall out in North Beach (her turf), it was a gathering of the tribes with everyone participating on some level. Gradually, as it moved from hotel to hotel, it got more and more plastic, more of a side show designed to please the straights with the $15 for tickets. This year, it was all commercialism. The Cow Palace is a fucking barn, a monster the size of an aircraft hanger out on the edge of the redneck district of San Francisco, the home of the wrestling matches and the animal shows. Outside, tough cops in blue coveralls patrolled the exits and parking lots to keep out the teenagers who felt excluded from a great party by the discriminative ticket prices. Inside, all kinds of posters and masks and t-shirts and other schlockola was on sale at sky-high prices. A glass of ice with a thimbleful of orange juice inside ran for a buck and a half. With a handful of exceptions, the costumes were rented (tendy slummers from the wealthy suburbs always rent, never create their own) and most of them reflected the emptiness of the lives hidden inside them--a gang of insects, birds, beasts, monsters, and products--one guy even wearing a bag of junk-food groceries. There were several thousand more spectators than participants and most wore looks of not-so-quiet desperation as they proceeded to drink themselves into the kind of bravado necessary to grab a woman's ass or insult her from the safety of a group. The Ladies (Cow Palace consciousness) Room was a study in chaos with men standing up on the toilets in those white-washed stalls so they could look at the women or drag queens in the stalls next to them, which would have been humorous had it not reminded me that this has become such a serious problem at San Francisco State University--on that campus, a lot of rapes and muggings have occurred in the johns and one finds signs on the doors and mirrors that read "BE ALERT". The women entering the john at the Cow Palace (ready to drop the public mask for a moment of rest) were startled to find the room filled with the same touchy-feely atmosphere as the hallway they had just escaped. Queens were calling out women's names and getting masculine answers from the occupied stalls and there was a lot of Panamaniam smoke in the air. Memorable scenes: Margo St. James riding into the arena on the back of an elephant as the pit gang tried to control the press--all of us were out for the best photo and a few of us got it, while the others blew it by being in the wrong spot at the wrong time. Margo held a press conference and announced she would be a presidential candidate in the next election. Some dynamite cajun music by Queen Ida and Her Bon Temps

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NAPALM KISS has got to be one of the most bizarre titles yet to drip from the diseased brain of comicdom, a comic somewhere to the East of E-C and the West of fantasy. It's from England which, I'm told, is a country where you can get free medical and dental care. Good thing. Folks must need it after reading all those gory stories. But it's all in fun. Or is it? To find the inspiration for a lot of the material now returning to print, check out the four volumes of WEIRD SCIENCE. *

EH?!..WOT?!..YOU...YOU AIN'T NOT READ NAPALM KISS YET?...THAT GHASTLY LITTLE ENGLISH UNDERGROUND COMIC !?! COR! BLIMEY! STONE THE CROWS!! he he! You'se is missin' somefink there, mate!! All that 'ORRIBLE GOTHIC 'ORROR and WEIRD SCIENCE-FICTION stuff!!... OOER!!..Fair sends shivers up yer E.C.'s and makes yer SKULL wobble in fright it does!
ADULTS ONLY!
#1 has 32 pages
#2 has 36 pages
GRUESOME COLOUR COVERS TOO!!
Pretty choke'n funny it is...er... I suppose...! BEAURP!! heh heh heh!!
And only a thousand copies of each edition exist.
CORKS! Wot ever next I arsk meself...!
'NAPALM KISS' #1 & #2 are $2.00 each.
DEALERS: 10 or more: $1.50 each
VERY SORRY: BUT AIR-MAIL ONLY. sea-mail is too slow and unreliable
All Orders To: MIKE MATTHEWS, 8 MONTROSE AVENUE, WEST DIDSBURY, MANCHESTER 20, M20-8LN., ENGLAND.

Brad Foster hard at work on his second FEVER PITCH. He's printing more this time, so you addicts will get your hit. Brad's in BABYFAT 2.* TALES TOO TOUGH FOR TV #1 you get for $1.10 pp from Jamie Alder, 9970 Liberty Rd. Chelsea, MI 48118 (and it's not a sex comic). B/W 7x8½", 8 pages, on good paper.* Comics and Comix has a 6th store. It's out by Golden Gate Park at 650 Irving St. in San Francisco. Their next book will be MAGIC CARPET 3, edited by Jim Pinkoski.* From STAR*REACH in November, STAR*REACH 15 (cover by Leialoha) and IMAGINE 4 (cover by Ditko).* Soon from England: DOO WOP COMIX, CITY TALES and MOON COMIX 3. STREET COMIX 6 is out (the debate on sexism issue) and will be covered with the Emerson/Varty interview in CW 108.* Remember, I never publish in December so expect issues 109-110 in January of '79. INS AND OUTS, bizarre little pop-cult mag from Amsterdam tells the true story of Superman's sex life with Lois Lane in the second issue. It's Rachel Pollack's "Out of the Broom Closet, Up, Up, and Away." Great stuff. Turns out Superman has a Clark fetish.*

STAR*REACH SUPPORTS COMIX WORLD

© R. CRUMB. 1978

MONDO SNARFO will probably go down in history as the Underground comic least understood, because it's deliberately surrealistic and non-linear. A group of artists doing pretty much anything that comes into their heads. The results are interesting to look at, but not to read. I was most impressed by the work of Griffith and Deitch and Poplaski. There is a lot better Crumb in his sketchbook (the German-printed $25 number). The preview panels in this column give you an idea of what to expect. On the whole, I loved it, but what do I know?* The STAR WARS sequel will be THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. Craig Miller asked me to inform you that no representatives of SW (Mark Hamill, et. al.) will be appearing at any of the SCIENCE FICTION, HORROR, AND FANTASY CONS in L. A. or the SCIENCE FICTION AND SPACE EXPOS in the S. F./ Oakland Area. So be wary of advertising that promises these people as guests.* Back from New York, Lee Marrs said PUDGE may still become a book.* Before you bust your ass to get famous, you ought to read Erica Jong's HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE, the sequel to FEAR OF FLYING, and certainly a great improvement in writing-style. Grace Metalious wrote a similar novel in the fifties after she became famous with PEYTON PLACE, but she destroyed all of her characters in the sequel, while I think Jong has redeemed hers. Metalious drank herself to death at the age of 39. Let's hope the publishing world spares Jong.* Samuel Graham's history of FLEETWOOD MAC is out in paper. $1.95 from Warner Books. A lot of nice photos.* New Morning Books, 169 Spring St. in New York City carries ugs now. 212-966-2993. * Very big with the Punk rockers around town is Griffith's Zippy which appears in the new free Berkeley BARB. * Sitting outside the beer garden at U-C, a student seriously reading his copy of SLOW DEATH 9. I was over there on the 18th of October to talk about ugs at the School of Library Sciences. A small group came, mostly women. A few years ago, slides of JIZ and SNATCH would have shocked a student audience, but no more. Are these jaded days, the 70s? Any of you cartoonists who want to draw 5x7" panel reviews of comics, I'll run some. Think on it.* Ads in CW are $10 (5x7 camera ready copy).

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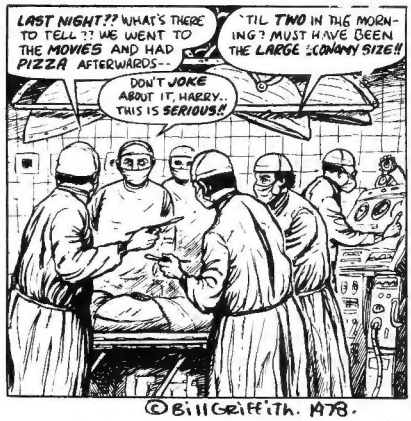
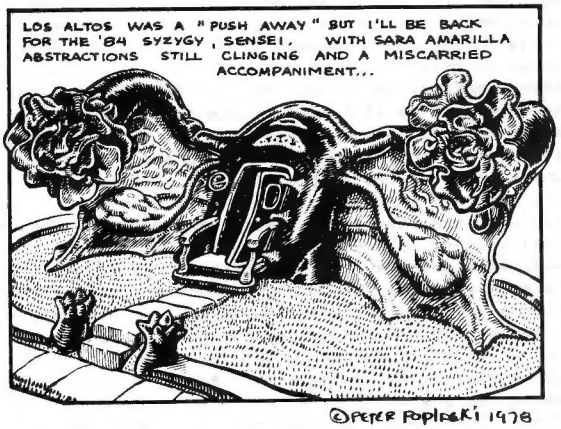

LAST NIGHT?? WHAT'S THERE TO TELL?? WE WENT TO THE MOVIES AND HAD PIZZA AFTERWARDS--
'TIL TWO IN THE MORNING? MUST HAVE BEEN THE LARGE ECONOMY SIZE!!
DON'T JOKE ABOUT IT, HARRY.. THIS IS SERIOUS!
©Bill Griffith. 1978.


LOS ALTOS WAS A "PUSH AWAY" BUT I'LL BE BACK FOR THE '84 SYZYGY, SENSEI. WITH SARA AMARILLA ABSTRACTIONS STILL CLINGING AND A MISCARRIED ACCOMPANIMENT...
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